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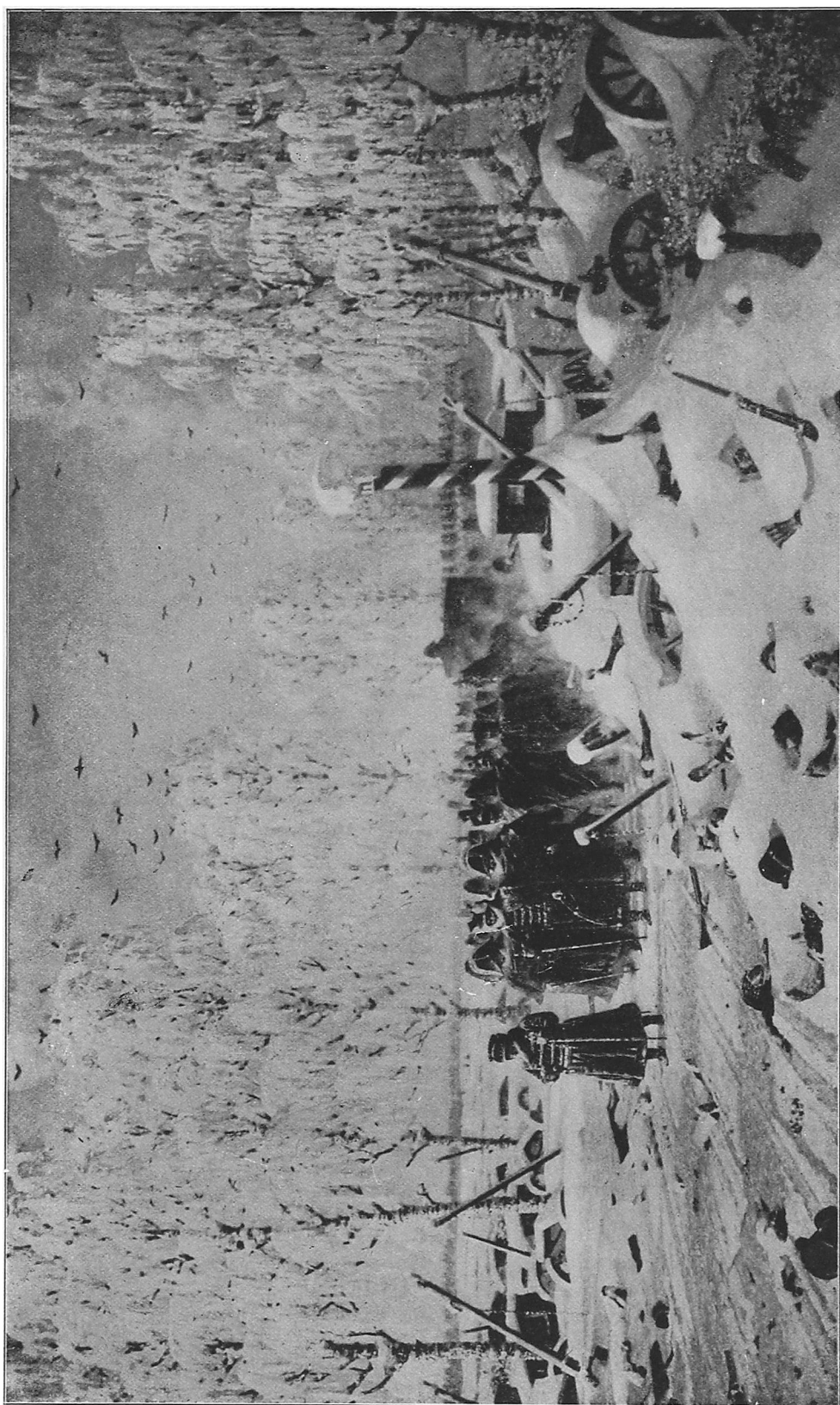
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THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW
By Verestchagin



AURORA. GUIDO RENI. (SEE P. 443.)

Painting of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

BY

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MIGRATIONS OF ART. A SURVEY OF ARTISTS. ITALY THE SCHOOLHOUSE. (1)

It is said that men have been most happy during periods of peace, those spaces that history is silent about, when the commonplace united to a tranquil fireside and no one did anything but eat, drink and grow rich. Sometimes art took advantage of these moments to cause the only disturbance that made them visible. On the contrary, art sometimes waked up with the booming of guns and flourished amid the excitements of war. It is an unaccountable thing, this waking up of art:—the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. But the good thing never lasts long. We are all built to be commonplace most of the time. The great Renaissance of Italy did not last long, and it closed like a door with a snap lock. All who came after that were

too weak to open it again. In the same way art visited Holland for about fifty years in the seventeenth century—only that long. The list of men of talent easily enumerates forty names, possibly more. They were all very much alive, but only a few were geniuses. Suddenly the vitality ceased, and art went elsewhere.

Mounting some Eiffel Tower, let us search for the larger objects in view at the opening of the seventeenth century.

In the year 1600 Guido Reni, of Italy, was only twenty-five years old; Domenichino, nineteen; Carlo Dolci was not born until sixteen years later than 1600, and Salvator Rosa fifteen years. Velasquez, the Spaniard, was six years old in 1600, and Murillo came eighteen years later than that date. Rubens, the Fleming, was twenty-three years old; his countryman Van Dyck was a baby of one year. Franz Hals, the Dutchman, was sixteen, but the century had to wait six years for Rembrandt, six years

painting had to wait. The men of talent who had the courage to be painters went to Italy for their schooling, and were no more than schoolmen, "with all that the word implies." However, France founded her Art Academy during this century, and that raised up an army of painters for the next one.

Englishmen cared little for art as early as the year 1600, but her kings and nobles had to be in the fashion and have their portraits painted. So she went to the Netherlands for the talent. Kneller and Lely (the Germans) came *via* the Netherlands, and then came Rubens on a visit and Van Dyck to spend the end of his life there. There were no English artists of any worth until Hogarth and Wilson at the end of the century and later. The English Royal Academy was not founded until the eighteenth century. For a long time its drawing school was of little use to her artists. The art movement once started, many talents were put to use in picture making. The art had feeling and impressiveness, but not academical excellences. We are, however, getting ahead of our story, for all this did not happen in the seventeenth century.

In America during the seventeenth century there were many excellent face painters, who used red and green in abundance, but I never heard it mentioned as high art. Probably Capt. John Smith and Capt. Miles Standish had a high opinion of the talented painters. Perhaps we should call them decorators.

L ANDSCAPE PAINTING. BORROWING ARTISTS. (2)

Previous to the seventeenth century landscape painting hardly existed purely for its own sake. It was an accessory to figures, serving as a background. While nature was more or less correctly copied, no one seems to have thought of studying atmospheric effects or light effects for their own beauty and sentiment. Rubens made good landscapes, but Claude was the first man to paint light and atmosphere. If one looks for a genius, show

him Claude, the most original man of the age, because his invention was so important and led to such extraordinary results. He taught the world to see nature as she is. Poussin did fine landscapes also, and he was side by side with Claude, but he did not paint light or atmosphere especially, and used landscapes as an accessory to figures. Salvator Rosa was working at the same time and was more of a literalist than either of these men. Claude was a classicist who arranged graceful landscapes on classical principles, whereas Salvator was much less tied down by laws of composition. However, all landscape painters of the period seem to have been to a goodly extent formalists, even the Dutch were, and they got their ideas of composition and treatment from Italy. It is well that it was so, because a certain amount of formality is probably essential in picture making. All the painters in creation, of whatever age, or however they may have commenced by copying nature just as they saw her, have ended by becoming to a greater or less extent regulated, that is formalists. Classicism is only another word for formalism. Even the extreme Neo-pre-Raphaelites and the modern Impressionists had to compose to some extent.

Passing by all the painters of landscape to the middle of the eighteenth century, Turner and Constable appear, and they were great men. The latter changed the current of this art in France, but the former was known only in England until much time had passed.

We have sailed down the river of time for two centuries, seeing everywhere the influence of Italian art of a previous period, but finding great men only in Spain, the Netherlands, France and England. France developed late; the eighteenth century brought her a swarm of good painters, and a series of developments in architecture and decorative arts, both of which have influenced the world persistently but neither of which was great. The most picturesque figure among the painters was Watteau.

The English were not the only ones who borrowed painters from neighboring countries because of a lack of native talent.

The habit has the endorsement of many great nations in the past, not to go farther back than the Romans, dependent upon the Greeks, or Francis I. of France, borrowing Leonardo da Vinci and Benvenuto Cellini from Italy, as well as many architects. The French caught the art of the architects and sculptors soon enough, but painting less readily. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, or the opening of the next, Frederick the Great, of Prussia, developed a taste for poetry and painting which his own people could not gratify. Whether the Germans were deficient, at that time, in these arts, I will not attempt to determine; but Frederick had his own tastes, good or bad, and called upon Voltaire to do verses and Watteau to paint pictures for him. The two men were about of an age and each was as French as possible. That the English should have received with pleasure the stately pictures of Charles the First's children and all the courtly portraits by Van Dyck is not strange, because they were dignified; but that a German king should have admired the poetry of Voltaire and the dainty paintings of grand dames posing as butterfly shepherdesses, by Watteau is certain remarkable. Sturdy warrior as he was, a Teuton in battle, he gave himself up to exotic tastes, as many another stern man has done. But the art of Watteau does not seem to have greatly influenced the people of Germany. Though imitators of him arose, no Watteau school was the result.

CLOSE OF THE PERIOD. NATIONALITY AND PERSONALITY. (3)

Approaching the close of the eighteenth century we find a great Frenchman, Louis David, who lived for fifty-two years in it. In all art history we scarcely find a man who so absolutely ruled the paintings, the decorations, the furnishings and the sentiment of his time. He was republican, regicide and imperial, court painter in turn. But like his imperial master he found his Wellington after many years of sovereignty. Just as the century

was expiring, Géricault was born and, while still young, painted the Raft of the Medusa, portraying in a naturalistic and romantic manner a scene that David would have delighted to reduce to the cold formalism of classic art. The picture was an insult to the respectability of art which, according to David, must appear in public only in court dress and with circumspect bearing, that is, in classic forms such as the Greeks gave to Apollo. But with Géricault commenced the genre school in France that has come down through the nineteenth century. He did not altogether end David's *influence*, for that has lived to shape Ingres and in turn Gérôme, who paints in our day.

It is very natural to ask, "What part have we Americans in this very beautiful art?" Our artist Copley was sixty-six years old when the century closed; Benjamin West, sixty-two; R. Peale, fifty-nine; Gilbert Stuart, forty-six, and Trumbull, forty-four. They were Americans, and patriotically maintained their nationality, even West, when president of the English Royal Academy, boasted of his American birth. But their art was purely English, modified somewhat by study in Italy. In fact they were all born British subjects, though some of them made excellent rebels, in all but their art.

But what does it signify, this matter of the nations? Did any man or any nation ever invent a new art? Is there an Italian, or a French art, or did the Dutch or the English stand by themselves apart from others? Was the Hollander who painted canals and a peat country more purely a Dutch artist than, let us say, Ruysdael, when he chose to delineate running streams and watermills amid hills and cliffs such as Holland never knew? Or are our American painters un-American because they find tiled roofed houses more picturesque than shingle tops; or peasants in blouses more paintable than the farmers in wornout "store-clothes"? Does the subject matter determine nationality in art? Art is universal and intermixed; knows nationality as a flavor rather than as a form; while the personality of the man who paints stamps itself upon his pictures in a strangely subtle

way, whatever his race or his home. Some men have no personality, though good enough painters, but if an American be very national in his personality, his art will be American wherever he lives or whatever his subjects may happen to be. John Sargent paints a strange mixture of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Velasquez, but his bold independence of treatment, haughty insolence in brush work and freshness of point of view, are as American as possible, whether his sitter be the president of Bryn Mawr College or a Jewess in London. He sees character in a face in a way peculiarly his own. What matters it where he lives? I have constantly to note that a man, otherwise strong, shows a weakness in his art if he be born of a declining race. Sargent comes of an aggressive race, and his every brush stroke reveals it. I use him as an illustration because all of us know him, and his art is a part of our lives to-day. We must never lose sight of this thought in attempting to understand the art of any century or any nation. Personality, temperament, life conditions, climate, state of civilization all affect art. Saxons, Teutons, Celts or Latins transplanted to another environment soon become changed, though always remaining Saxons or Celts or what not; so art changes with the climate and conditions in which it finds itself, but is still the same art, with a difference. The art of any country is but the art of another one developed by new blood.

So it has ever been; Egypt to Persia; Egypt and Persia combined in Greece; Greece to Rome; Roman to Byzantium; and that to Europe, thus continuing until Europe dug up the art of old Rome and created the Renaissance. The Renaissance of Italy is the fountainhead of the art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which we study. All nations of Europe went there to drink of the waters of life. It is the art of Italy adapted by various national temperaments that occupies our attention. The portraits painted by Velasquez are, to the careless observer, just like those of any other nation and just like hundreds of paintings of the Italian schools:—just portraits and nothing more. The religious pictures

of all European nations are so much alike that only the initiated can differentiate them. Even experts are puzzled to "attribute" a long lost and accidentally found picture. A fine portrait of the seventeenth century may differ from the Mona Lisa of Leonardo only as the tone of voice and gesture of one man differs from another. A fine Rembrandt may be a good deal of a contrast to a fine Velasquez, but thoughtful investigators find



PORTRAIT OF FERDINAND D'AUTRICHE. VELASQUEZ.

that the two are based upon the same methods of drawing and painting and even composition. Though the Dutchman is said to have invented a new style of composition, the statement must be taken with great reserve. He developed only a previously known style. Velasquez was an ele-

gant, a lordly artist, a clean brushman and a subtle colorist. Rembrandt was a rude man, of brutal force, a bold but often not very clean brushman, a powerful colorist but less refined than the other. These are the features that make them different, but they are slight as compared with their contrast to noble Oriental painting. As we go backward in the centuries the forms become more primitive and more like those of the Orientals. The art which Europeans developed from the Greek is more learned than any other, carried much farther toward naturalism; but it is a question whether the divinely kindled spark may not have glowed more brilliantly among semi-civilized races than with the polished peoples. They were artistic first and story-tellers afterward. We are so accustomed to look upon the art we know best as if it were "the art," that our taste and judgment are warped. Oriental art has a great place in the world.

European art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is simply Italian Renaissance at foundation, or, to be exact, the art of Greece gone a long journey. Even the landscapes do not escape this chronology. If one asks: What is the relationship between a Flemish boors' dance by Teniers and the Greek figures? the answer is very direct: They are of the same family, the one rude, the other super-refined. The Greeks were the first naturalists; their idealization was simply a refinement of nature's forms. The figures of those dancing boors are made in the same way and by the same rules, from nature—minus the Greek refinement. The domestic figures of Jan Steen are not natural either. He was in his way an idealist; and so was Millet of the "Angelus," who is known among artists as a classicist. In Manet we find a man who really tried to paint nature as he saw her, and that is why he marks a turning point. Greek and Roman art were revived in Italy in the fifteenth century, and the men we are discussing follow that lead. I shall endeavor to make plain the truth of this statement in examining the works of painters in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

ITALIAN PAINTING: GUIDO RENI.(4)

The Italian art of the two centuries, we consider, suffers by comparison with that period which closes just as ours opens. The dying year has its brilliancy, but it is not as much to us as the midsummer and has no promise to offer in recompense for its evidences of decay. Even after the golden leaves have fallen, there still come days of delicious sweetness, but the end confronts us and we know it only too well. Italy, the mother of what is known as "modern painting," has to show us, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, an art that has never since been equaled. It was so noble, so varied and, above all things, so inventive, that the examination of her "melancholy days" becomes almost painful. The inheritance of two centuries of great art was no more than good painting.

"Good painting" never was and never can be, of itself, great art. There is a vast amount of great art in the world that shows no good painting at all, as that of Turner and Rosetti, who handled paint and pencil like children, but were too great to be measured by their technique alone. Originality and sentiment are the markings of genius. The drawback to the art of Guido Reni, Domenichino and Carlo Dolci is its good painting coupled with lack of originality and no promise of a future. It could be but a childless art. It is the waxing, not the waning, that has real vitality.

Guido and Domenichino belong almost to the previous century; almost! Carlo Dolci is the only shining light of the seventeenth. Like the moon, he "lights up well," but is not a source of light. The very popularity of these men is against them. Their art is an art easy to understand, and very easy to copy. Great art is very difficult to copy.

Guido Reni (1575-1642). We all know them well, those *Ecce Homos*, the *Beatrice Cenci*, and the *Aurora* of Guido; every home in the land, even the advertising cards, and the lampshades, are adorned

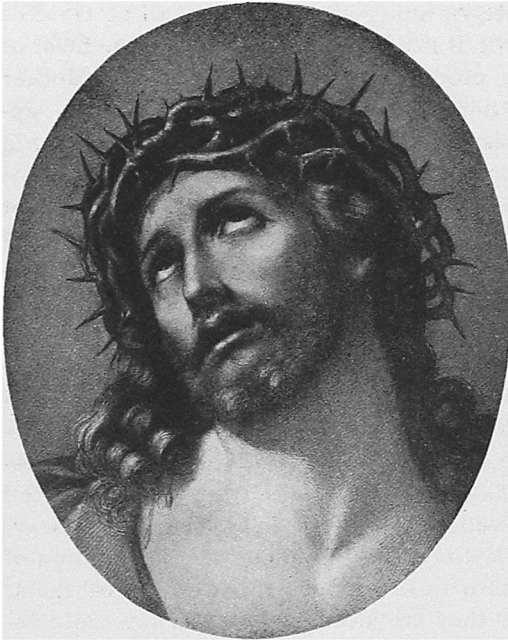
with them. Twenty-five years ago the Americans who went to Europe thought it the proper thing to purchase a copy of the *Aurora* or the *Beatrice*. We are a little beyond that low development of taste at this time, but there are others, and the copying goes on merrily; it is so easily copied. I am not sure which of the *Ecce Homo* pictures furnished the popular engraving; they are astonishingly alike. All the work of Guido is pretty nearly good art, only failing in that it represents no new movement, no freshness, no aspiration toward better things.

The *Aurora*, in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, is a sizeable panel: the God of the morning driving his piebald and very "proper" steeds along the edge of a cloud, the Hours dancing gaily about his chariot, a cherubic torch-bearer floating in advance. Behind the clouds is a yellow sky, while below one sees a bit of cool toned landscape, giving the blue note essential to balance draperies opposite. Those lightly draped Hours are elegant in form, exquisitely graceful in movement, and full of vitality. It is needless to say that the figures could each of them be cut in marble for single statues and might belong to the overelephant Greek period. Italian decadence is not very marked here, and the *Aurora* is almost a great work. (See the cut, p. 437.)

The *Beatrice Cenci*, in the Barbarini Gallery, Rome, is also sculptural; simply a fancy head with carefully arranged drapery, made more by rule—as is true of all classical drapery—than after nature. It is no reproach to it; all art admits of studied lines, except that which declares itself realistic, and many of the realists did their draperies by classical rules, because that is so certainly agreeable and irreproachably respectable. This head has been the inspiration of thousands of similar heads, some like it, some very unlike. But it has never inspired a man of any originality. It has long been the fashion for mediocre artists to paint a prettily draped head, and then search for a name with which to label it. One wonders if Guido did just this, nor thought of *Beatrice* until exhibition day. There is a certain

stately dignity about it; like all of Guido's work it is a good deal better than most of the product of his period. But the *Mother of Sorrows* (Corsini Gallery, Rome) approaches caricature. It is, seemingly, a reproduction of one of the *Niobe* group; eyes turned up, mouth open, and none of the refinement of the classic statue. I have seen students, drawing the *Niobe*, who made the expression one of illness, not grief, and Guido has not entirely escaped the same accusation. The *Niobe* is from the period of decadence and this picture is still more decadent. The *Sewers* (Hermitage, St. Petersburg) gives us eight classically-draped females who sit in affected attitudes and sew in an affected way. There is not only no correct observation of nature in the movements of most of them, but they are even awkward; not the awkwardness of the primitives who had not yet arrived at close study of nature, but awkwardness made to order. The classicists could be anything but natural. There are two figures in the center which escape somewhat this reproach and seem to have been really the outcome of correct observation. Guido could see nature, and, when he did so, his artistic instinct got the better of his artificiality. In his sketches from nature there is often much innocence of artificiality and much truth. In this he was more of an artist than Carlo Dolci, whose drawings are seldom "innocent" of artifice.

The *Ecce Homo* pictures are multitudinous; one at the Corsini has the mouth open, the eyes turned up, the crown of thorns charmingly adjusted. One wonders why it is admired, and how any man could treat so tragic a subject so weakly. One is at Dresden, perhaps a little better in expression, and still another, in the same place, has the mouth shut, and that is a favor to us, as it is, at least, not disagreeable. The one in the Louvre is the prettiest. This does not nearly complete the list of them. A *Night of the Nativity* (at Vienna) is like Correggio's picture of the same subject; the light emanating from the infant and shining on the surrounding figures, illuminating the floating cherubs overhead, as if they hovered



ECCE HOMO. RENI.

over the footlights. But there is no such glow in the light as one sees in its prototype. The Saint Michael and the Dragon so resembles Raphael's picture as to be easily confounded with it. The Cleopatra (at Madrid) is a large and important picture, of course a classic.

ITALIAN PAINTING: DOMENICHINO AND DOLCI. (5)

Domenico Zampieri, called **Domenichino** (1581-1641) is so little copied, as compared with Guido, and has taken so mild a hold upon the popular fancy, that an extended account of him is less called for; the more so as he really marks no starting point in any art movement. Only six years younger than Guido, he was a fellow pupil with him in the School of the Caraccis, and like all his fellows imitated some greater man gone before. Less pretty and more dignified than Guido, it is possible to declare him a greater artist, if the word "great" dare be used in connection with either. Critics have wrangled over him, some abusing lustily, others exhausting the many storied adjectives of the language in

his praise. He was one of those good painters whose cleverness was a fault, being uncoupled with any freshness or inventiveness. He was "sweet" enough, but not as sugared as his famed fellow pupil. There is in many of his pictures a strange resemblance to the pre-Raphaelite Botticelli—straight lines and sharp angles in draperies—without any of the personality of the greater man. His cherubs, floating in the air, are not very easy or graceful, and such matters as these stand in the way of popularity. An avowed imitator of Raphael, his religious pictures are at times almost copies.

He painted many profane subjects; although, as the times and conditions demanded, religious themes predominate. His Renaldo and Armida, in the Louvre, presents a nude woman for whom the warrior holds a mirror, that she may adjust her hair, and the hand is reflected in the glass; a pretty bit of realism, such as was not unusual at the period. In the foreground, doves are courting, and beyond are two lovers kissing. There is an effort at grace, fairly well carried out. Also in the Louvre is his St. Cecilia, dressed in a gown quite *à la mode* rather than classical. The saint plays upon the cello and a naked, winged boy holds up the sheet of music. But Cecilia is gazing heavenward to a higher inspiration than written lines. The expression is exalted, and by comparison with the same motive by Carlo Dolci we see how much art retrograded as the years went on.

While Guido manufactured *Ecce Homos*, Domenichino kept the wolf away with Sibyls; of course the artists had to pay their bills in those days and our own artists do it in the same way now. There is one in the Capitol Gallery, another in the Borghese at Rome, and Vienna has one. The same thing is at the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, only there it is called St. John. All have the same face, the same brows, long nose and cheeks and chin; exactly the one the students draw from the casts of Græco-Roman heads. The expressions are varied in nothing, except now a mouth with parted lips, now one closed; and the latter are more agreeable. All the eyes are interchangeable, and kept in stock, like the parts

of an American machine-made watch. Put a turban on St. John's head, and, behold, he is a Sibyl, changing sex at once, if he ever had any.

It is curious to note how Guido stuck to his classic draperies, while Domenichino loved to do still life, to paint little elegancies, like jewelry, embroideries, fringes and bits of lace. This, of itself, is entirely unobjectionable, but at this period in Italian art, it reveals the paucity of the genius, which turned to petty trifles for variety. Had there been real nobility to decorate with good fringe, no one could do less than admire the still life.

The progress of landscape painting at this moment has a right to interest us because we are now keeping company with a young man of the north, from the borderland between France and Germany, who lives near Domenichino. His name is Claude Lorrain. The Italian and the Frenchman paint landscapes that look, at first glance, very much alike. But Claude paints aërial perspective, touches every part lovingly, and colors as few have been able to color since, while Domenichino does not. Poussin is also there, painting important classical figures in classical landscapes, and his work is better than Domenichino's, though he falls far behind Claude in pure landscape.

Carlo Dolci (1616-1686). A little fellow, named Salvator Rosa, was a year old when Dolci was born, but the future painter of the pretty Mother of Sorrows didn't know it; in fact he never did know much, or care, about a rude and reckless genius like Salvator. Occasionally it is well that such an eccentric genius is kept out of the art schools; it helps break down the old traditions, to leave him fancy free. But Dolci escaped no schooling or traditions either, and that was as it should be; without them he would never have given pleasure to thousands of people. If his heirs owned a copyright on all the photographs from his pictures that have graced American homes and warmed ladies' hearts:—think of the wealth!

In all lands and in all periods of painting we see some great man who creates a new movement, and after him, following his

mannerisms, drags a long line of lesser men who form a coterie, that is, create what is called "a school." The commencement has life; the following can do no more than tamely polish that living thing until it looks sickly and becomes, what it looks like, a polished corpse. Dolci was the last Italian polisher who is worth talking about. Who is Dolci? The man who killed the school of Raphael. And still he did do something original (pretty original): he invented a Mother of Sorrows and a new arrangement of drapery about the head, evidently an adaptation from the headdress of the nuns. It is an envelope of some stiff material that folds in a dignified way. It must have been good, because many artists have used the idea, and they are still doing it. One of the adaptations is seen in Henner's well known nun's head.

The arrangement must have proved a success, because Dolci kept on doing it. The pictures show only the head and shrouded shoulders. An unseen hand holding the folds, reveals the end of the thumb very coquettishly. That thumb! how he plays upon the imagination with it, and it



MOTHER OF SORROWS. DOLCI.

is several, now only a tip, again more in evidence, and again different. These pictures should be called the Madonnas of the Thumb.

Like the others, Dolci did his *Ecce Homo*, and that was a several-times-success too, and indeed it is a pretty picture; nothing to move the heart, but sufficiently pleasing. His *Herodias* is just about as emotional as his *Ecce Homo*. She appears as a pretty woman bearing the severed head of St. John before her, and very discretely turning away her head. The movement is carefully measured, the look is classically sorry; just that and nothing more. She is no half savage Oriental, rejoicing over her triumph, unmindful, like all of her race, of the shedding of blood. She is not even disgusted with her unseemly burden, or made ill by the sight of it. She has no life at all, except classical life, and that has gotten so far away from its native Greece that it has grown weary. Even a marble model gets tired of posing at last.

With his heads of sacred women, Dolci often paints a sprig of white lilies in full blossom. No doubt he uses the emblem with entire correctness, never giving it to the wrong personage, but the head seems to be merely an adjunct to the flowers. This work gave him pleasure; it is wonderfully executed. Lilies could not be better done. It quite saves the situation, and he should be known as the celebrated still-life painter, who did such magnificent flowers. In another picture a Greek statue plays upon a primitive piano. The presence of this modern instrument makes a *Cecilia* of her instead of the goddess *So and So*. The man with a book and pen is one of the best. As St. John we accept him willingly. A head and shoulders of a man blessing a well crusted little bread, which he holds near a beautifully painted sacramental cup, is properly statuesque; and the same is true of the strange, long-nosed infant who holds a perfect rose while his mother holds the sprig of lilies. Dolci was a still-life painter who introduced figures with his flowers and other objects. Even in his crayon sketches, he is unlike most artists. He never lets himself out; never becomes carried away by the delights of making a

few swift lines full of nerve and scratchy truth. In the British Museum there are sketches made by Raphael as first studies for his great pictures. Here one sees a scrawled scratch that is the embodiment of vitality, the acme of correct observations, a little street urchin, standing at his mother's knee. The little chap seems to live again in those few lines. In the same portfolio, one sees this same figure properly tamed and regulated, drawn cleanly, gracefully and a dignified Christ-child. Raphael could tame his sketch and still keep the boy alive in his finished picture; but then he was Raphael and not Dolci.

ITALIAN PAINTING: ROSA AND CARAVAGGIO. (6)

Salvator Rosa (1615-1673) is the wild and wayward boy who commenced his turbulent life one year earlier than Dolci. While I am a firm believer in the value of art schools, no matter how much they force the revolutionary youths into the straight and narrow way, I must admit that a moment may arrive when a genius is fortunate to escape them. The schools of Italy were absolutely like the salt wells of the desert when these men were born. But we must not forget that all the great painters, Michelangelo, Raphael and the others gathered together to study the antiques in the Medici gardens, and that the old art they worked over did not hurt them. However that may be, Salvator went out sketching when he was a boy, instead of submitting himself to the dry drill of the Caracci school men. The Caraccis ended their careers about this time, but the spirit of them was very much in evidence all over the land. As Salvator never received extended schooling, he was naturally not a masterful draughtsman, and close examination of his pictures leads one to think that another hand painted some of the figures seen in his landscapes, though the spirit in them was directed by no other than himself. He painted many battle pictures, and even portraits, so that it may not be said that he could not draw a figure, but only that the lines of his human beings are

not confined by the severe drill then so common. I am volunteering the statement that some of his figures seem touched in by one who did not paint the larger part of the picture. I do not find any such statement in books.

Salvator came of a family of painters, but he was headstrong and refused to make a lawyer of himself as his father, wearied by the poverty of his family, desired. It was a fortunate combination; painter blood and impulsive boy. It also happened in Italy, a country which was, of itself, one vast school-house of art. So the youth went sketching, all about the country around Naples. From time to time he went too far; the bandits caught him one day and took him up into the mountains. Told in this way, the story sounds picturesque, but quite possibly he was a willing enough prisoner and his captors, who had the Italian fondness for art, proved most gentlemanly jailors. Indeed they were as good gentlemen as one could wish to meet, the trade of the bandit was no mean one and scarcely dishonorable. Only the rich feared him, and Salvator had no occasion to tremble for the safety of his purse. The savage grandeur of his surroundings up in the mountain lair of these freebooters, and the picturesqueness of the men and their dress and movements were exactly to the taste of the young artist. His landscapes are not based upon the classical lines that kept Claude to serenity and refinement, but rather are free and untamed renderings of facts as he saw them. At first he made quiet pictures, influenced, no doubt, by the art he looked at; then very rich and redundant compositions, because as he grew in confidence and command of his materials his nature asserted itself. No wild gorge was too savage for his taste, no storm too violent, no sky too full of awful portent. Rocky mountains and ironbound sea shores were his favorites.

There is something so fresh and joyous in this man's art, something so different from the vapid, ivory finish of Dolci, something so alive amid all the dry bones of Italian decadence, that we breathe again as one inflates his lungs on a bright summer morning. He founded no school of art, at least

not in Italy, though his influence has traveled far, and one may see it plainly in many places, even in our own country. Many of the painters of our Hudson River School were great admirers and even imitators of Salvator. One of his pictures—owned in America—comes to mind, though its title is forgotten, a large canvas showing tumbled masses of cliff on the edge of a dark sea, a stony foreground and somber distance. Over it hangs a blue sky, painted in a low key, much broken by white cloud masses; and the sentiment of it, the handling, all, suggest a swift, powerful worker, a positive, imperious temper, a freeman. No pretty cobalt was used to paint that sky, but Prussian blue in abundance, and all the tone was kept up to this fierce pigment.

In the Louvre one may see a battle picture, by Salvator, of important size; a very confused mass of men and horses, making a straight band quite across the foreground, and the shaded parts have turned very dark. The various objects are well painted, but many faces are kept in shade, and are invisible, or else turned away, as if he avoided the rendering of human expression except in the violent action of the figure. All the armors are excellent and very elaborated. The conventional ruins and strange rocky hill, the sky and distance are very tender, though still forceful. There is less brutality in the handling than one might expect, and the entire tone is a low gray without positive pigment; even the garments are quietly colored.

The Ghost of Samuel Appearing to Saul looks like a rather weak picture, painted smoothly and turned brown, a luminous brown, not black at all. But it is hard to see, or to judge of what it might have been. I cannot assert that it is one of the early pictures, made before he gave full fling to his temper, but the classical composition suggests this first period. Another picture here is like what one expects to see: sharp precipitous rocks in a wild mountainous country. He carried a streak of arbitrary shade, almost black, across the entire foreground and the sky has darkened so that the blue is almost lost. This makes the light which gleams on the near rocks very

brilliant. It is executed with a bold, square touch, very summarily. Withal the work is tender, cool, entirely free from browns. There are three soldiers, on one side amid the roughness, and on the other a man who shoots (flash of the powder and smoke all positively painted); these figures do not seem to be made from the same palette as the remainder of the picture, and the touch is different.

The art rivers which flowed through Europe had their sources in Italy, were streams fed by springs nourished by rain clouds from afar. One of these rivers flowed through Spain. In tracing it back to its source—if any river ever had but one source—we find a little art-spring called Angelo da Caravaggio, and it is not so very far from where we are now standing as we converse about Salvator Rosa. Please remember that it was a deal rough, that little point, a windy and disturbed spot, nothing orderly or well regulated about it.

Michael Amarigi Angelo, da **Caravaggio**, a Milanese, died in Rome in 1609, six years before Salvator was born, and at that moment Ribera, the Spaniard, was twenty-one years old and had been a student in Italy for seven years, and became enamored of Caravaggio's pictures. Pictures do not die as easily as men, so the Italian's soul went marching on, still throbbing for Ribera and Salvator, and for Velasquez, when he came that way a few years later on. It's a pretty story, all about a very poor boy, a mason's son, who early smeared and daubed at the plaster tub. The fresco painters struck their colors, for better or for worse as their taste allowed, directly upon the wet plaster, and the mason's rude boy had to stand by waiting with a fresh bucketful while the artists worked. Then the fever attacked him, and his native cleverness was warmed into life; he too could paint, if he tried. It is a common enough story, but such clever boys always have something new to offer, which perchance does not get its quietus in any dry old art school. However, Caravaggio was no more than "clever." His mural paintings are few, but his easel pictures many, and he was a literalist who painted the rags on his dirty models and

rude textures of every object in the kitchen or market place. He was a lively fellow, and used his colors with all the brilliancy and life the palette allowed. In fact, he was counted by the well-regulated classical painters as a sorry dauber who actually painted things as they really were and who let his vulgar love of color and brilliant light and shade carry him whither it would. But the people liked him, and many young artists were carried away by his wild independence. Salvator found his works dear to his untamed heart, and the Spaniard, Ribera, whose acquaintance we are about to make, was another man after the same pattern. All the talented Spanish painters loved Caravaggio's realism and rude force, and they were all big enough men to use it well, nor be abused by it. There were Spanish painters in the seventeenth century who did not feel as the rude Italian did, but as it happened, they had only moderate talent.

SPANISH PAINTING: RIBERA.(7)

S José Ribera (1588-1656) was called Il Spagnoletto, or the little Spaniard by his Italian associates. There have been "bolters" all along the line of art history, men who became restive under restraint. Orderly respectability may be of use in the world, and it may be of use in art. Certainly a wall decoration should be orderly, because the architecture to which it is married is so. Sometimes orderliness is equivalent to dignity, and we do right to love dignity. But priest and schoolman are often disposed to be tyrannical; and when this tyranny has gone far, art dries up. There seem to have been quite a number of these restive innovators brought into being by the rigid laws imposed by the so-called School of Raphael. In architecture the same conditions were brought about by the Palladian School, whose tame elegancies still make our young men its slaves and from which now and again somebody breaks loose and then wishes he had not, because the laws are too strong for him. All young artists love to paint textures, paint what they

see, and it takes them a good while to feel the usefulness of orderliness. Possibly the real good is found in the middle course; enough of good still life and enough of noble line.

All through the seventeenth century we find men who insisted upon painting textures as they actually are, and, by the same impulse, to paint expression as they see it in the face before them rather than an expression compounded from the study of many faces, an ideal expression. Raphael's sketches give us the expressions of his models very like those which Ribera caught as he watched the mobile features before him. However, Raphael's master paintings show us not caught expressions but made-up expressions, something evolved from his wonderful inner consciousness, or, at least created by means of much observation of many faces—ideal expressions. The efforts at ideal expression in Ribera's pictures are not impressive, but his caught expressions, the things he did when he had excited his model to laughter or some other emotion are very wonderful. Ribera was, as this indicates, a realist, just as his master Caravaggio was a realist, and both these loved to paint textures with the most brutal truth. This strain runs through all the alive painters of Spain; even Murillo did not escape it, and Velasquez and Goya cultivated it, though Velasquez knew how to keep the wild thing well in hand.

Ribera went to Italy when still in his teens and was in the studio of the like-minded Caravaggio in Naples (where the latter spent his last days) long enough to fix for a lifetime this tendency to bold realism. Boldness seems to have made these fine Spanish painters marked men. In the galleries of the world their pictures make spots upon the walls. Even the rude Netherlanders can scarcely speak out loud in their company.

Ribera spent his life in Naples and there he died. His pictures went to Spain and exerted an influence there. They are also found all over Europe.

I recall a picture by Ribera of a monk, seated full front, a wrinkled, smiling face, heavily bearded; nor is it a pretty curling

beard like that of Guido's *Ecce Homo*, done at about the same time. One powerful hand holds a pen and the other, in his lap, a sheet of paper. It is all simple, almost fierce in technique, and shows cause for the expression that his was a "terrible manner." But he was terrible only when compared with Dolci.

The *Adoration of the Shepherds* (Louvre) gives a good idea of his coloring. Not many men can paint a pink babe like that,



CLUBFOOT BOY. RIBERA.

so frank, so clear in flesh color, colored but restrained. There is no pronounced shade in the figure, but still it "models" perfectly. Beside the kneeling shepherds a lamb, with legs tied together exactly in the way our farmers do it to-day, has been thrown down, right in the foreground, as if the artist loved to paint the wool. The expression of the patient resignation on the beast's face is pathetic. There is nothing human in it, but unadulterated lamb ex-

pression. This is the best face in the picture as the devout shepherds did not appeal to Ribera—not exciting enough. The babe's face is good, because it is simply a portrait. Raphael would have made it the face of what the Germans call a Wunderkind, and his followers would have racked their weak brains to invent an ideal of some sort, anything but a portrait, which would have been too vulgar. We see artists painting wool in many ways, but not one like this. One's fingers could be thrust into the interstices, and every crack is drawn lovingly, and the brush strokes are very simple, done with abundance of paint. The blues and reds in the naturalistic clothes are excellent, reserved; shadows are but little brown and what there is of brown may have come with time. The people standing about in the picture are only peasants as he found them. All his religious pictures are in this manner, though many of them have gone intensely dark in the shadows. There is a dead Christ, in this same gallery, with flesh much more natural than that in Rembrandt's famous Lesson in Anatomy.

SPANISH PAINTING: VELASQUEZ AND ZURBARAN. (8)

Don Diego Roderiguez de Silva y Velasquez (1599-1660), was a gentleman, born with a spoon in his mouth, though it was only a silver one. Though school teachers had small salaries in those days, the boy secured an education of the best sort, as his father was a schoolmaster. His first art instructor was one of the literal school, a painter of things, not of ideals. His second master was one of the well-regulated artists. So the young man got good from both, and in any case it mattered little because he could make nothing less of himself than—dare one say it?—the greatest painter of the centuries we are studying, whatever training he might have had, or even had none been given him. In those days there were in Spain no casts from the antique statues; the inquisition forbade them. But King Philip IV. loved art, and loved Velasquez. So, by and by, the

painter went to Italy, and brought home the plasters, and much more art to his royal friend. It is interesting to note the fact that this great man did not “do his antiques.”

Very early in his career the king found out his worth and made him court painter, declaring that he would sit to no other; a resolution pretty well maintained. When the young man went to Italy, all the great people there did him reverence, and he met Ribera at Naples. The latter item is the more important, because Velasquez was disposed to paint what was before his eyes, and found in Ribera a congenial spirit. Of course the older man influenced the younger, as much as any one could move so strong a person. In any case, the classical painters did not capture him, though possibly their pictures taught him to develop that subtle, middle line of conduct between the two styles. One suspects that the ecclesiastics did not admire him, or possibly feared his independence, as few church decorations claimed his time. Instead, he executed large historical subjects, magnificently painted. A home in the royal palace, the companionship of the king, honors, the title of nobility reserved for the purest blood, came to him early. He held high offices near the king's person, and one of these killed him. He died of fatigue after arranging a royal festival.

Velasquez was a masterful draughtsman, and that means a good deal; something more than correctness. Not alone were his outlines good, but also his construction of every part. This means schooling. Self-taught painters rarely or never “construct” well. This training did not make him a great artist, but it did help to make him the greatest. If Sir Joshua Reynolds could have drawn as well as this Spaniard—but we will talk of that by and by. When he was young he painted much still life and the usual beggar boy with holes in his clothes; painted him well, worked hard at it, as even genius gains by hard study. He kept on painting, what the anarchists call “royal beggars” all his life with just as much faithfulness and sincerity as when young. He became a courtier, like Rubens, but did not

make Rubens' mistake, turn his pictures over to his pupils to avoid the laborious parts. Everything he did is strong, bold, struck in with a big brush, every stroke full of drawing. He was as bold a brushman as Ribera, but had finer sense, and secured more subtle results. Royalties and nobles on foot or horseback, alone or grouped, and all the accessories of landscape or interior, horses or trees or furniture, all are nobly done. A strong colorist, but very refined, his work stands to-day the model for painters of all lands.

Velasquez and Van Dyck were the gentlemanly painters; commanding nobility of pose and princely dignity. The Spaniard secured these with less affectation than the Fleming. Velasquez did things in a great way, as all great men do things. He could be careless with consummate elegance, entirely neglectful of non-essentials and still complete.

Velasquez's portrait of the little prince Don Balthazar Carlos on horseback, his sturdy legs scarcely equal to the animal's dimensions, the horse plunging towards the spectator, mane, tail and drapery flying, is an excellent balance between dignity and realism. Everything is literally correct, but the boy carries himself like a field marshal, and still is sincerely a chubby, lovable child. Van Dyck also was a master of child expression. From the child to the firm, menacing face of Innocent V., in ecclesiastical robes, is a far step, and a still farther one to his picture, the Reunion of Drinkers. This latter is one of his genre pictures, but the jolly men are not tumultuous, as the Dutch painters would have made them, but only quietly and good naturedly tipsy. Also, no Dutchman ever did such a beautiful, richly colored piece of painting. That half length of a six-year-old girl in the picturesque



PORTRAIT OF BALTHAZAR CHARLES, SON OF PHILLIP IV. VELASQUEZ.

frock, the Infanta Margaret, is magnificently swept in, every stroke of the long-haired brush long drawn and forceful. We must remember that this was done at an early period when that sort of painting was rare. The men who do it in this day learned how by studying such pictures as this.

The standing portrait of Philip IV. with gun and dog is in the Louvre and also at the Prado. The latter shows a little hat on the king's head and the dog is not very plain. The former is bareheaded and the dog is wonderfully touched, firm, sure and characterful. All the picture, clothing, dog, hair, ground and trees are a brownish gray, varied of course, and the coat sleeve a warm, quiet green. These make one spot. The sky and distance, of silvery tone, melt into this quiet mass. There is one touch of green on the top of a hill. All this is

managed so that clear flesh comes out beautifully. In walking about the gallery, this brilliantly painted face always claims attention, and still it is tenderness itself.

Francisco **Zurbaran** (1598-1662) lived his life during the years of Velasquez's greatness. He was, like Ribera, a fiery character, and a painter of textures and stuffs, of expression, and movement that passed under his eye. The walls of churches that

monks. The colors are all clear and well found, solidly painted, and flesh tones excellent. Most notable of all are the attitudes and movements of these sympathetic mourners. There is a suppressed activity about them as they discuss the situation. This is remarkably good, no gesticulation, not overdone, and still full of life. All these Spaniards seem to have had an astonishing ability to seize subtle lifelike action. It is safe to say that no paintings in all Europe can equal them. All the leading men had this gift, though it was most perfectly developed in Velasquez. It is naturalism carried to its perfection. Not a Dutchman could show an approach to it, even Jan Steen becomes commonplace by comparison.



PORTRAIT OF PHILLIP IV. VELASQUEZ. (SEE P. 351.)

he decorated are many, and herein may be noted a different condition of affairs from those found in Holland at the same moment, where the churches were merely white-washed.

In his *Funeral of a Bishop* (Louvre) the corpse, robed in white, lies upon a reclining bier, draped in a stiff, silk, orange colored stuff. There are figures standing about the dead man, an archbishop and

SPANISH PAINTING: COLLANTES, MOYA, MURILLO AND GOYA.(9)

Francisco **Collantes** (1599-1656) was a lesser light, but illustrates the movement going on all over the continent of Europe during this early seventeenth century, Claude being its best exponent. He was a painter of romantic landscapes of the semi-classical sort. But Collantes' human figures were not, like Claude's, classical. In his *Burning Bush* (Louvre) the Moses is a peasant and the bush a real one. This peasant is a shepherd. His donkey is very real, also all movements are observed with true Spanish accuracy. The landscape forms are drawn with sincere truth, but arranged in the classical manner.

Pedro de **Moya** (1610-1666), another restless man, started out to see the world and all the good art works in it. But—note the change—he went not to Italy but to Flanders, where the new and fresh were already introduced by Rubens and Van Dyck. In order to support himself he enlisted in the army of Flanders. He became a soldier, as others became servants or lackies, anything to keep them in an artistic environment. He followed Van Dyck to England, but the great man died just then; so back to Spain he traveled as best he could, where he met

and greatly aided a young man named Murillo.

Bartholomé Estaban **Murillo** (1618-1682) is in many respects the Carlo Dolci of Spain, a painter of pretty pictures, smooth and sweet, a popular artist. He was by no means as far gone in anæmia as Dolci, but only tended that way. In his youth he did his beggars in rags, like the others. Throughout his religious pictures there runs a current of realism that betrays his Spanish instinct. To most artists the Beggars are more attractive than the Immaculate Conceptions, as the former are natural, forceful, characterized by close observation of expression and real movement. They are Spanish pictures. The religious works are Italian classic in treatment and in manner of painting.

His strongest work is mild as compared with that of the other men we have examined, so that he holds no such rank in the art scale as they.

Of Murillo's Louvre pictures, the Holy Family is best. The picture is very luminous and, of course, over tender. The flesh looks weak beside that of Velasquez, though more colored. The floating Angels are enveloped in the dreamy sky. The Almighty is a benign but weak old man. Murillo did cherubs far better, and they are very pleasing. The Madonna is no more than a handsome maiden, and Christ looks a good baby with a curious timid gaze as he takes the cross from John. This expression saves the picture, and is in true Spanish spirit; the same to be found with



BEGGAR BOYS. MURILLO.

all the good men. John's expression is of the same character; that of a friendly boy, willing to play but not yet very well acquainted. The reds and blues are not at all powerful, but are choice colors, and the orange note in Elizabeth's dress is a select tone. It is all very choice and elegant, but "sweet."

The Miracle of San Diego, called the Cuisine des Anges, has all the characteristics of this artist except that the shaded parts have become excessively dark. The angelic cooks move with Italian grace and orderliness about their tasks, but there is a charming collection of pots and pans in the corner,—good Spanish realism. The Beggars, a series of them (examples to be found in Louvre and Prado), show what all Span-

ish pictures boast of, careful study and genuineness. The expressions are as good as need be, and sometimes cunningly observed. One does not feel the same sincerity in the religious works.

If popularity be a standard, then Murillo is great in the *Children of the Shell*. It is pretty, the grouping is excellent, the drawing is learned but weak, and the poses very artificial. There is here very little of the Spanish virtue of truth to probable expression.

Francisco **Goya** y Lucientes (1748-1828). We have passed over a long period since leaving Murillo in 1666. No doubt there are pictures to be seen by Spanish artists of

having an extraordinary sort of talent, all too passionate; at nineteen years of age he showed the trend of his lifetime. Too bored by portrait painting to do it well and still so impressive in his renderings as to command admiration in spite of all sorts of artistic law-breaking, he proved himself very Spanish, very literal and able to do, what so many of the others did, catch the fleeting expression of movement of all that passed before his eyes.

He was hot-headed when he painted, and conversed or quarreled in abundance. In painting the bulls in a fight he caught the attitudes and expressions wonderfully, but always too much of it, bordering on caricature, or, at least, what may be called over-characterization. He became such a reckless balcony climber that a rival's knife found him out, and, to escape complications, he fled to Rome. Of course the art of Italy had no charms for such a positive character. He met the Frenchman, David, then a student there, and they conversed about the propriety of chopping off kings' heads, for both were revolutionists, and David helped do the chopping later on. Spanish art had gone to the bad. King Charles III. called Raphael Mengs from Italy to redeem it, and a tapestry works was set up. When Goya came home again, Mengs



CHILDREN OF THE SHELL. MURILLO.

the eighteenth century that we could admire and would like to own; but, until the coming of Goya, no painter of striking personality arose. "Goya's genius, indeed was of the geyser order. Now it rushed up boiling, sulphurous it might be, but irresistible in its leap; then suddenly, as though a tap were turned off, it would drop, disappear, as it were, in a pool, ugly or merely ordinary. His sense of character, his interest in it, was far more acute than his sense of beauty." So writes Margaret L. Woods, in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Sometimes superb, but often positively bad, an ardent worker, wrapped up in art,

put him at work making designs. He threw overboard all the heathen gods, with their classical lines, and made his designs in the vernacular.

He was then thirty years old and this was the first serious work of his life, an immense success; people cheered him. His color is silvery, drawing careless but full of nervous seductiveness. Portraits without number, great festival pictures, bull fights, dancers at picnics, all compelled him to paint the picturesque gowns and coats of the period and the striking faces of people who had greater individuality than our present well-regulated habits admit of. I recall a por-

trait in which the face color is struck in rapidly, frankly "licked" together, colored but cool, luminous and without shadows. It does not "sit in the picture," and the coat is nearly as bad, the colored sash worse and hair childishly out of harmony, but with all these faults there is an evidence of a man behind the brush, so personal and interesting that no one is disposed to find fault. Goya did his good work only when he loved the motive. All men of his type are like that, and who dares say that the true artist can be anything else. His portrait shows a strong head, and the high, fuzzy beaver hat indicates the Directory period, the end of the century, the eighteenth.

FLEMISH PAINTING: RUBENS. (10)

At the opening of the seventeenth century the Low Countries were already divided politically. The Dutch, always a vigorously independent people, had cast off the yoke of the Austrian Empire, but Flanders was still a province of Austria, and a catholic country. The close political contact of both these countries with Spain—as Spain was a part of the Austrian Empire—produced conditions affecting art. When Protestant Holland once had freed herself from the interference of a Romish government, she abandoned decorations in her church interiors. In Flanders, on the contrary, the Catholics still demanded church decorations. In Holland the rich burgher was a prince, but he lived in a house of modest dimensions and adorned it with small easel pictures. With the exception of the guild halls, he had no palaces in which it was his pleasure to hang pictures. But Flanders still maintained the luxury of religious paintings, and a measure of royal pomp, and hence the marked difference in the art of the two countries.

Peter Paul **Rubens** (1577-1640), a Fleming, is unique. There is only one of him in the world; imitators to the contrary notwithstanding. To be beyond the possibility of imitation, except the sort seen when a monkey imitates a man, is a proof of personality,

and personality is the cornerstone of the structure called genius. He did everything well; so well that he became a diplomatic envoy. Indeed, he was never anything but a diplomat from birth to death. His painting was brilliant, dashing and popular, and so was the man. Fortunately the painting was sound art as well as popular. It was showy, not dignified; and still, with all the contortions of forms and colors, a certain majesty adheres to his most flamboyant pictures. While the Dutch were producing many small pictures for home use, Rubens worked as if a cathedral or a palace stood waiting for every canvas; and one did. He was not the kind of a man to emulate the stateliness of Velasquez, and yet he was as much of a man as he. With a galloping abandon of brush work that takes one's breath away, he could lay pure colors on enormous surfaces and still keep the tones harmonious and tender. To most artists he is a god, and only carpers dwell upon his very discoverable faults. When he painted the Descent from the Cross, he did not make his masterpiece. Only academicians and classicists say that. He was young when he did it, and tried very hard, as all the ambitious do. He was too great to spoil it with overwork, so we see it very perfect and very great. But it is not Rubens. It is only a superior academical study, and the real Rubens was not academical—fortunately. The painter sentiment in it is fine, but the religious sentiment is quite unimportant. Its "pendant," the Raising of the Cross, amounts to little. Rubens was too good a diplomat to try that sort many times. It was un-Rubens. The academical pictures are like electricity flowing in a good conductor, quietly. Rubens was electricity broken loose; it is then that it sparkles.

Some of his swaying groups of nude, over-fleshed women shock our cold Saxon taste. They bewilder the timid and staid as a whirlwind does. But the only Rubens had a right to do as he liked. All geniuses have it, or take it. And the world always has, and always will submit, and can do no less than applaud. Nobody ever could paint the gleam of skin as Rubens did, or use such colors in doing it.